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THE LEFT-FOOT SHOE.

I DON'T know what made my father settle at Baden-Baden, after leaving Ireland on account of two writs and a duel, and seeing life in various towns of the continent. But there he did settle with my mother, who had accompanied him on his travels, and myself, their only child; turned steady with the help of friends; grew half a German in process of time; got himself naturalised; and finally wormed his way into the legal profession and practice, for which, thanks to the baths and gaming-tables, Baden affords a most excellent field. My father had been called to the Irish bar, before what he was in the habit of calling his exile took place. I suppose he had a natural adaptation for the law, which enabled him to slide into the German part of it, for he realised a good business, educated me to inherit and increase it, and left me clients and all with his blessing, while I was yet a promising young man. Promising I was, not only in the eyes of my mother and her female friends, but in that of all Baden who knew my powers and prospects. My family were thorough Germans by this time, having taken an early opportunity to call themselves Von Doranbach—I have got back my proper name of Doran these twenty years—and it was agreed on all hands that I was likely to transcend my father's fame and gettings, and become a notable limb of the law, till an untoward event made people say they never believed there was anything in me, and upset even my mother's faith in living to see me an Aulic councillor.

There is no German soil like Baden for growing companies; they bank and build, fetch and carry, send their shares into the market, and smash sometimes, just as in England or any other advanced country. So it happened that a short time before I succeeded to my father's place and practice, a company—including a half-dozen barons, sundry of the court officials, and it was whispered the grand-duke himself, but, of course, privately and by proxy—had been started for the purpose of building a new set of baths, more elegant and

commodious than any of their predecessors, and supplied by a spring, which the physicians and chemists who had an interest in the matter discovered to be the special gift of a beneficent Providence for the cure of all human diseases. Of course, there was considerable opposition from all concerned in the existing baths, and no want of doctors with contrary opinions. Baden was divided between the rival factions, which became known as the Old and New Wellers; but like everything which the court is believed to patronise in a little German state, the company succeeded; its shares went up; the new baths were built, and solemnly opened with a torch-light procession, a grand march, and an ode to the Healing Spring. The site was good, but rather solitary, being in the extreme outskirts of Baden, where streets and houses gave place to gardens and fields. However, between the cures they were to effect, the solemn opening, and the grand-duke's interest in them, the baths got pretty well frequented, and were doing a fair share of business, when, to the confusion of the company, and the horror of all Baden, it was discovered one morning early in what is there called the season, that a gentleman had been murdered in one of the handsomest and best-paying parts of the establishment.

The crime must have been committed in the preceding evening, for the stranger was seen to enter at the last hour, which happened to be an unusually quiet one, all the bathers being gone, and all the attendants except one man, generally known as Old Karl, whose duty it was to shut up the place after seeing that the water-taps were all right, and whose home was in a cottage hard by, where he lodged with Widow Speiler, a middle-aged, hard-working woman, who bore the best of characters, had two nearly grown-up sons, and did all the scrubbing and scouring of the bath-rooms. The widow and her sons had gone to spend that day with a relation in the country. Karl shut up the place at the accustomed hour, and retired to a favourite beer-shop, where most of his leisure time was passed; but nobody had seen the stranger

come out ; and next morning, he was found in the marble basin, with a long, sharp gipsy-knife driven deep into his left side.

The doctors who examined the body gave it as their opinion that death had been instantaneous, and must have taken place ten or twelve hours before the discovery. There was no appearance of a struggle ; the gentleman had evidently been surprised, and stabbed to the heart in the act of bathing ; yet his clothes, with a watch, purse, and other valuables, remained undisturbed on the bench hard by. The room shewed no signs of the deed or the doer. It was not only one of the best, but the most private in the establishment, situated on the ground-floor, at the end of a long passage, having no communication with any other, and but one window looking into a small shrubbery, which formed part of the bath-grounds, and also shaded a deep tank or reservoir for supplying the baths, crossed by a narrow plank, by way of bridge, to a by-path leading through the fields beyond. The plank had been placed there to quiet a troublesome neighbour, obstinately bent on preserving an ancient right of way ; but few cared to use it, especially when the night was falling, as must have been the case when the deed was done ; and the dry ground and well-trimmed shrubbery gave no tokens that anybody had passed that way. The window of the room was securely shut ; Karl declared he had fastened it as well as the other windows, but accounted for his knowing nothing of the murder by the fact, that it was almost quite dark, and he never lit candles so early in the season.

Together with these particulars, it was ascertained that the murdered man was Baron von Laganstein, from the neighbouring kingdom of Württemberg. The people of the hotel where he had been staying recognised the body, and stated that he had arrived in Baden at the beginning of the week, as they understood, to take the benefit of the waters ; that he was accompanied by his brother, who at first seemed intent to remain with him ; but either owing to a dispute or a change of purpose, the brother had left their house on his homeward way only a few hours before the baron repaired to the New Bath. Who was the assassin, and what had been his motive, nobody could conjecture. The baron had neither friends nor enemies in Baden ; he had made no acquaintances, avoided the gaming-tables, and did not seem to have much money or jewellery for a man of his rank. Moreover, there were the watch and purse, proving that robbery had not been the moving cause ; but a murder had been committed in the New Bath, to the probable ruin of its credit, and the equally probable ruin of the company. If the criminal remained undiscovered, who would think himself safe in its elegant apartments ? Somebody must be brought to justice, or all the doctors in Baden would fail in bringing custom to the place ; and after vainly offering unprecedented rewards for information, and making the most searching inquiry on all sides, no sacrifice to the legal Nemesis could be come at but Old Karl. All Baden had known him for years as an honest, harmless creature, with no fault but a general leaning to strong liquor, and a consequent haziness of the little mind he had. People would as soon have thought of accusing one of the town-pumps of crime ; but circumstances were against him ; he had

been alone in the bath-house when the baron, who was never to come out again, went in ; he had shut it up with murder done in one of the best rooms, and adjourned to his favourite beer-shop. Besides the fact, that he lit no candles, Karl had no explanation to give, except that he had seen the baron come in, knew him to be a customer who wanted no attendance, went to get his supper in Widow Speiler's cottage, and came back in time to shut up the house, believing that the baron was gone.

It was a meagre account, but Karl stuck to it. It was all he had to say in half a score of examinations, which the poor soul underwent as quietly as if he had been on duty at the baths, and never thought himself in danger till the commissary of police sent him to the town-prison. Then Karl sent the only familiar friend he had, Widow Speiler, to me, with an earnest entreaty that I would take his case in hand, and save him from the gallows. The man had been a trusty messenger to my father and myself before he got employment in the New Bath. We never knew him to tell a fib or attempt to swindle. He had no relations, rich or poor, in Baden, having come there a peasant-youth from some village in the Upper Rhine. He had no money to pay for legal defence, and the counsels assigned by law to the accused do very little for them, at least in Germany. I believed Karl innocent ; perhaps I also believed that a great opportunity for building up my own glory and honour as a lawyer had come. In short, I undertook the case with all the energy and ability I was master of ; but Karl could give me no information, no hint to found a plea upon beyond the statement already given ; and all my search and sifting failed to discover a particle of evidence in his favour, or against anybody else, except the improbability of a man in his circumstances taking the life of a stranger, yet leaving his purse and valuables untouched.

German criminal courts are less interesting to the public than those of England ; but the trial for the mysterious murder in the New Bath created such a sensation among towns-people and visitors, that both the wells and the gaming-tables suffered a serious loss of custom. Great sympathy was expressed for the brother of the murdered baron, who had parted from him only a few hours before he met so dark a fate. Notwithstanding the difference suspected by the people of the hotel, report said that no brother could be more warmly attached. It was known that he laboured under some deformity, had been always in delicate health, and though the death of the baron made him lord of the family estate, there being no other heir, the shock of the intelligence brought on an illness, so long and dangerous, that he could not stir from home throughout the whole time of the inquiry and the trial, but had to be represented by his man of business.

It was with this gentleman's wits that mine came in contact, and I must say the process was a sharpening one. He was an old gray little man, with something of the Jew in his manner and appearance. The Lagansteins had owned him as their legal adviser for more than half a century ; and if his determination to get poor Karl condemned were any proof of it, he must have been as much attached to the late baron as his employer. My argument regarding the untouched purse and watch was at once overthrown by his

missing from among the effects of the deceased a valuable diamond pin, which, according to his testimony, supported by that of the bereaved brother, the baron had always worn. It was not to be found, and the inference was that Karl had made it his prey. Through the energy of the man of business, it was discovered that he spent more than usual at the beer-shop on the night of the murder. Karl accounted for that by parting gratuities given him by some foreign visitors in the course of the day; but he could offer no proof of his statement, and the lost pin and spent thalers remained as circumstantial evidence against him. Still my faith in Karl's innocence was unshaken. I had got warm in the cause by this time; the poor fellow had no barrier between him and the gallows but me; I left no legal stone unturned to raise doubts and procure delay, always hoping that time would bring me the end of some clue to the mystery. I endeavoured to engage the sympathies of my friends and the public on his behalf: talk goes a long way in Germany, and I talked at the wells, in the coffee-houses, in the tea-gardens, on the promenades—in short, wherever I could get listeners, endeavouring to impress people with my own convictions, and staking, as a matter of course, my own professional reputation on the perfect innocence of Old Karl.

Time went on, nevertheless, and so did the trial, in spite of all my delays and expedients. Karl was found guilty after the fashion of the land, sentenced by the presiding judge, and sent to the capital, Karlsruhe, where all such solemn things are transacted, to await execution. According to the law or custom of Baden, no man can be executed till he has confessed his guilt. This made me feel safe on Karl's account; time would bring something to light; Providence would interfere in some way; I told him so in our last interview, when the poor fellow once more assured me of his absolute innocence. I hoped, and I talked on, and had succeeded in getting up a considerable party in his favour, when one afternoon it was announced by the authorities that Karl had confessed the murder of Baron Laganstein in the preceding evening, and the law had been duly executed on the morning of that day. Everybody said they always knew he was guilty, but it was a comfort that the creature had confessed. The man of business went home satisfied. The bath company congratulated themselves and the public on the complete clearing-up of the mysterious affair, and the certainty that the like could never happen on their premises again.

As for myself, I was more than astonished—confounded is the only word for such an upsetting of one's conscientious convictions. It was my first great lesson against believing in honest appearances—lawyers are apt to get many of the kind—but Karl's case was a striking one, and fairly unsettled my faith in human nature. It did more material damage to my professional repute and prospects; the considerable party I had formed snubbed me to a man; the newspapers shewed me up as a remarkable example of gullibility and self-conceit; and my legal rivals sounded trumpets of triumph over me, loud enough to have brought down the walls of another Jericho. They were sufficient to bring down my business: clients fell away at a rapid rate; friends went and did likewise; and partly to avoid these unpleasant consequences of poor Karl's defence, partly in hopes

of regaining my status, I retired from Baden to Nassau.

My mother accompanied me; she broke up her old home, rather than part from her only son, to whom, in her belief, the town's-people had behaved so very ill; and ours were not the only feet that Karl's confession set a-wandering. Soon after my removal, I learned that Widow Speiler had abandoned her cottage and work at the New Bath. I had an interest in the widow; she had been as obstinate an unbeliever in Karl's guilt as myself; she had first engaged me in the unlucky business of his defence, and kept well out of my way after the case was concluded; yet her neighbours were not sure whether it was a dispute with the daughter-in-law one of her sons had brought home, a dislike to the young woman the other was about to marry, or the sad fate of her old friend and lodger, that made her pack up her chattels and move away to live with relations she had in the Black Forest. I am not going to inflict my autobiography in full with suitable reflections at the close, but having told the first part of the queerest case that ever came within my professional experience, I mean to tell the second.

My exit from Baden was followed by many movings. I flitted from one to another of the small German states, in pursuit of the good-fortune which had left, but was always beckoning me, it seemed, from no great distance. I could practise in them all, the laws and usages being the same; but I failed in getting a practice of consequence or profit at any of their little courts or small capitals; the officials would not patronise me, the burghers would not intrust me with their legal affairs; there was no want of lawsuits—there never is in German towns—but none of the paying or important ones could I get hold of; and so things went on till about ten years after Old Karl's execution, when I formed a partnership with a country lawyer, whom business had brought to Stuttgart, and in consequence flitted to the little university town of Tübingen, on the borders of the Black Forest. My partner, or rather principal, Herr Scripling, did all the law-business of the place, and had been doing it for nearly forty years. Having grown comfortably rich thereby, he was now willing, not exactly to retire, but to take a sub, who might do the drudgery, and be directed in all his ways. That was my office; not such a bad one either; for Herr Scripling, though blest with the rare union of sharp and slow in his legal practice, which I suppose suited his clients, was a kindly, considerate superior; if he left me all the work, he allowed me some of the profit, and the best of understandings was between us from the first.

Both work and profits were small, but constant; the Tübingeners had no amusement that I was ever aware of but law and theology; and most of them, clergy, students, and laymen, played continually on both strings. But it was a cheap place, and I found a home for my mother and myself in a house occupied by three maiden sisters of the name of Zetel. Von Zetel, they might have called themselves, being of gentle birth, and once of good prospects, their father having filled the office of burgomaster, and owned a handsome share of house-property. But a prodigal brother had brought the family down, and the Zetel sisters were a manner of women sure to lose and be plucked bare in a world like this. More honest,

generous, unselfish souls I never knew; a little fussy, perhaps, and fond of being chief ministers in all domestic affairs; but their tears, their hands, and their purses were ready for every tale of woe or case of need, and the less gain there was to be got by the service, the more ready they were to do it. Their names were Gertrude, Agnes, and Caroline; the two eldest were tall women, and somewhat gaunt and gray. I never knew their ages; but Caroline was years younger, some inches shorter, not half so thin, a great deal more lively, and what the divines call fair to look upon, with dark-brown hair, which she knew how to dress, and a ruddy German face of the best type. She was as good as her sisters, much handsomer, and I thought more sensible; but they were in the habit of calling her 'that child,' and keeping a sort of kindly watch over her general conduct. I suppose they had been doing so for more than twenty years before I got acquainted with the family; but my mother and I found a pleasant home with the Zetels. She was growing old and feeble by this time, and theirs were just the hands I could trust for her comfort. Their house was one of the oldest in the town, the lower story of stone, and the rest of timber; but it was substantial enough to outlast many a generation of inhabitants, and its internal arrangements could not be improved by all our modern devices. Such snug rooms of every size, such secure windows to shut and open, such stoves against the hard Tübingen winters, such cupboards for stowing away, could never be found out of an old German house, not to speak of furniture to match, and a trimmed garden in the rear. That house was the last remnant of the Zetels' property, as I at first understood. One nephew had undertaken to manage for them what the prodigal brother had not spent, and contrived to mortgage it; another had borrowed the little money they had, and never found it convenient to pay, having married early, and got a considerable family, and they had no resource but to take in and do for lodgers. The quietest students of the university—and there never were such quiet ones as in Tübingen—formed their chief dependence; they had five of them, well conducted, hard-reading young men, besides my mother and myself; and we all lived together like one family, till a new misfortune fell upon the Zetels.

I had observed the sisters looking anxious and troubled for some days, when Caroline, who had become confidential with my mother, revealed to her, and she to me, a state of things I had never suspected. The house, instead of being their own, had been mortgaged by their managing nephew for a sum they could never raise; the time of repayment had now expired, and there was nothing between them and turn-out but the days of grace allowed by German law. Caroline had mentioned the matter with the consent of her sisters, in hopes that, being a lawyer, I might find some way of escape for them. Nobody could have been more willing to serve the Zetels than I was, as Caroline probably knew; but on getting into particulars, I found there was not a legal loop-hole or crevice to creep out of. The poor spinsters had duly signed the papers their nephew got ready—I think it was under a threat of suicide; and the gentleman was at this time in a government office at Stuttgart, and of some celebrity at the public balls. I also discovered that the name of the mortgagee was Baron von Laganstein, and that

his man of business was my senior officer, Herr Scripling. He kept the concerns of noble clients entirely in his own hands; but I felt sure that, if the case of the helpless women were properly laid before him, he would do what he could for them, and I took an opportunity, when we met in the office next day, to give him a full account of their state and prospects. But, to my great surprise, Herr Scripling knew them as well as myself.

'What you say is true,' said he. 'These poor souls can live by their domestic industry within the four walls where they were born; but if turned out with their old-fashioned chattels, where will they find another home to let and manage like it? It is a hard case, and I know the Zetels deserve better than has befallen them in this world; but, Herr von Doranbach, I can do nothing, positively nothing. The baron is a man of flint; no tittle of his dues will he let go; his mind seems divided between pride and profit, but the one always stoops to the other. They say that, before he came to the family estate by the death of his brother, who was murdered at Baden in one of the baths—a remarkable case; you must have heard of it—he was very poor, and rather looked down on for a club-foot of uncommon deformity. May be that has helped to make him what he is—a proud, cross-grained, penurious old bachelor, living in his antiquated castle with a few ill-fed servants, and sitting down to cabbage-soup or cheese-crust with state and ceremony enough for a wedding-feast. But his tenants have cause to curse the day of his accession: he is for ever discovering some due or homage which they are bound to pay him; and the only one he was ever known to treat with common justice is a certain Widow Speller, who came to his place a stranger, and, to the astonishment of everybody, got possession of a farm belonging to a deceased relation of hers. There she lives and thrives, and suffers no exactions from the baron, nor attacks on her reputation by the neighbours. The woman is above sixty, and honest in word and deed; but why she is behaved well to I could never make out, neither could my uncle, who was man of business to the baron before me, and a great deal more trusted. But there is the man we have to deal with. I pity the poor Zetels, but I can do nothing.'

Herr Scripling's account of his patron was not promising, but something must be done or tried. I knew more of the man we had to deal with than he dreamed of; and my name might not have a favourable effect on the baron's memory; yet as my principal absolutely declined the business, I wrote to him in the most moving terms, requesting grace for the Zetels. I had exerted myself to flatter his pride, and held out hopes of profit through the charity. But my first application remained unanswered; so did the second. The days of grace were running to an end. The sisters seemed likely to lose their reason with the dread of being turned out of house and home. The baron's seat was not many miles distant, but the road was a wild and rough one; and as Herr Scripling suggested that my letters might not have come to hand, posts being rather uncertain in the Black Forest, I determined to go and plead the cause of my poor friends personally.

All my arrangements were made for the journey; I was to set out before daybreak on the following morning with a wagoner who did all the carrying-trade of Laganstein, and I was alone in the office

winding up matters till the fall of night. It was the very same season in which the murder had been committed by Old Karl ten years before—the time when summer merges into autumn, and people perceive the shortening of the days. The mission I was going upon in the morning brought the case and all connected with it to my recollection, and I was wondering what sort of a reception the baron would give me, when a low knock at the door broke up my speculations.

'Come in,' said I; and in walked a woman in the usual dress of the country-people. At first I did not recognise her in the deepening twilight; but when she said: 'Good-evening, honoured sir,' I knew her to be none other than Widow Speiler.

'You will maybe remember me at Baden,' she continued, 'and not take amiss what I have come to say.'

'I remember you well, widow, and I am sure you will say nothing that anybody could take amiss. Sit down, and tell me your business. I heard you were settled at Laganstein.'

There was a chance of getting useful information from the honest woman.

'I have left it, and sold my farm: it was hard to find one willing to buy under the baron; but I have settled that at last, and come to live in Tübingen. I thought of lodging with the Zetels, sir; I am not poor now, and they were kind to me when I fell sick on my way from Baden, nearly ten years ago;' and the widow drew a long sigh of recollection. Then she looked cautiously round the office, and added: 'I have been seeing them this afternoon; they tell me the baron is going to take their house from them, and you are going to intercede with him. Honoured sir, you might as well ask for charity or kindness from the rocks about his castle; but you were kind to my old friend Karl, and the Zetels have been kind to me; for his sake and for theirs I will lend you something to manage the baron with, if you give me your solemn promise that nobody shall see or hear of it but yourself and him.'

The widow looked perfectly sane and sober, and though much astonished, I gave her the required promise without further parley. As soon as it was fairly spoken, she took from the pocket of her gown a small parcel, wrapped in coarse brown paper, and tied with common twine, which she deposited in my hands, saying: 'I will call for it when you come back. Good-evening, honoured sir.' And before I could answer or question, Widow Speiler was gone.

I turned the key in the office-door, lighted a candle, and opened the parcel; but if my surprise at the widow's words had been great, it was increased tenfold when, out of the coarse brown paper I took an old discoloured shoe, intended for a club-foot of such singular deformity that one could hardly imagine it belonged to a human being. There was nothing else but a slip of paper, on which was written, in a rustic hand, 'Shew him this; but for charity's sake, keep it out of his hands, for if he get hold of it, you will get nothing.' It was a strange weapon to move the baron's heart with; his deformed foot was no secret to give the holder of it power over his pride. The shoe was most likely his own—made for the left foot, too—surely the presenting of such an article would rouse his wrath as an insult rather than gain his good graces; and what a strange injunction was that to keep it out of his hands. Well, the widow had been the only person that ever got good or favour

from Baron Laganstein; she must have had sound reasons for sending the old shoe with me in such a private manner; and I determined that if no other argument availed, he should get a sight of it.

Next morning found me on the road to Laganstein, in the only conveyance it boasted—namely, the carrier's wagon. There were no passengers but myself, and I don't think there was a worse road in Germany; mostly up-hill, diversified with deep ruts and great stones, and leading over dreary moorlands. The waggoner said it had been the same in his grandfather's time; and with these poor facilities for travelling, it was not till sunset that we came in sight of a poor straggling village at the foot of a steep and wooded hill, which he told me was Laganstein.

'And where is the baron's castle?' said I.

'Up yonder: you may see the top of it through the trees, sir. But the way is so steep and narrow, that nobody tries it except on foot, and people that keep to its windings can't go wrong.'

I looked in the direction the waggoner indicated, and could see something like a building half-way up the wooded hill. As we drew nearer, I could discern a winding path to it, narrow and steep enough, but I felt sure not long; and when we reached the village inn, a small shabby place, where I had some difficulty in arranging for supper and bed, having no hope of hospitality at the castle, I took my way up the hill, resolved to make my first attack by the last of the daylight.

The long day's journey had tired me, and I found the path steeper than I expected, most of it being a narrow ridge of rock running between the trees; but I held on, till a sharp turn brought me to an opening where the hill seemed to have given way or been excavated, for on the right-hand side of the path yawned a fearful chasm with rugged sides and a rocky bottom. There was neither fence nor rail to keep an unwary foot from sliding over. The depth was terrible, and as I stopped to look at it, a little man with almost white hair, and wearing what had once been a court-dress, but was now in the last degree of shabbiness, came down the hill at a rapid and extraordinary pace.

'What is your business in my wood, sir?' was his first salutation to me.

'I am going to wait on the Baron von Laganstein; is not this the way to his castle?' said I, guessing at once who my gentle friend was.

'I am the Baron von Laganstein,' said the little man, looking as if all Germany belonged to him; 'what is your business with me?'

I summoned up all my eloquence to plead for the poor and helpless sisters in the soft evening light among the woodland trees, but the moment I mentioned their name, the baron cut me short with: 'My mind is made up, sir; I will hear nothing on the subject. If you do not go directly, I will call my servants, and have you kicked down to the village.' He turned on his club-foot as he spoke, and pulled out a small silver whistle. 'I'll see what the widow's parcel will do with the little wretch,' thought I, and the next moment the old shoe was out of my pocket and flourished in his face. At the first sight of it, he started as if something had stung him, and turned deadly pale, then made a sudden clutch, and before I was aware, got hold of the shoe by the heel. All was lost if he got it from me; I believed that now, and held fast with the one hand while I endeavoured to wrench his grasp away with the other. He never uttered

a word, but held on with clenched teeth and eyes glaring like those of a wild animal. We strove and struggled; in spite of my utmost exertions, he got hold with both hands, and made one tremendous pull, which drew me half across the path. We were both nearing the precipice, but he was the nearest, when all at once the old leather gave way; I fell back against a tree, and the baron fell back too; I heard a sort of a gasp, a scrambling sound, and a dull crash on the rocks below.

As soon as I recovered myself, I fled for help to the village. The people came out with torches and lanterns; they knew a by-path by which the place could be reached, and there they found the baron, quite dead, and terribly shattered, but still holding with a death-grasp the fragment of the old shoe. They took him up, and carried him to his castle. There was no grief among servants or peasants, and none of them attempted to arrest me for causing the death of their lord. I was no murderer, but how could I have proved myself innocent? Nobody in Laganstein knew me. I stayed that night at the village inn, returned to Tübingen next day, and was making preparations for a hasty departure, when Widow Speiler called. I told her exactly what had happened, and requested an explanation of her parcel.

'I'll tell you,' said the widow, 'and you will see the judgment of God in the whole matter. A fortnight after they hanged my old friend Karl, the bath-pumps went wrong, the tank got low, and I went to draw water out of it with my own bucket and rope. With the first bucketful, what should come up but that shoe! I knew to whom it belonged, for I had seen the gentleman walking about the bath-grounds, and one who saw his left foot could never mistake it. I knew, too, who had crossed the plank and done the deed for which poor Karl suffered. May God forgive them who made a false confession for him! They say the prison chaplain has had money to spend and spare ever since. But there was no good to be done by what I had found, except when I had troubles at home, to go and get my relation's farm in the Black Forest. It helped me to that, and I thought it would have helped to keep the Zetels in their house. So it will, for there is nobody now to disturb them. But, honoured sir, flee away from Württemberg till the talk and the wonder are over.'

I took her advice, and left Württemberg as quickly as possible. I subsequently left the German territory, thinking it a good opportunity to visit an extensive circle of relations I had in Ireland. That visit proved my way back to the good-fortune I had been so long in search of, for it enabled me to slip into the good graces of an heirless relative, from whom, in due time, I inherited a small estate among the Wicklow Hills. Thither I finally retired from legal profession and practice; brought my mother to close her days in comfort among the scenes of her youth; and also Caroline Zetel to share our home under the title of Mrs. Doran. Long before those changes were accomplished, the talk and the wonder, as the widow said, were over. The people of Laganstein assured the police authorities that their lord's death was an accident, for a stranger who had gone up the hill saw him fall, and gave the alarm. The report satisfied them, particularly as, for want of heirs, the estate went to the crown. I don't know what Herr Scripling suspected, but he made neither inquiry nor comment. There was nobody to disturb the

Zetels, so they kept their house. Widow Speiler lived and died with them; but between her and myself rested the story of The Left-foot Shoe.

GESTURE-LANGUAGE.

WE have seen during the late election-time the same stereotyped remark repeated in all newspapers, no matter of what politics, concerning more than half our momentous nomination-days, that 'the whole of the proceedings were carried on in dumb-show.' Under these circumstances, the people of England, while exercising their right of franchise, as well as the candidates whom they returned, might just as well have been deaf and dumb; and, indeed, the entire business could have been carried on just as well if they had been so, while the show of hands would probably have been a vast deal more significant. It would have been impossible, indeed, to have gone to the country with 'a good cry'—a thing which seems to be as necessary to politicians as to oppressed females—but the advertising interest would have received even a still greater impetus than it did, and there would have been no temptation to infringe the law by the hire of brass bands. There was an old story revived in Wiltshire to suit a certain split in the Conservative faction, to the effect that one would-be honourable member, having watched his hated rival into a house, the owner of which was pledged to himself, rushed into his solicitor's, and demanded to have a list of abusive expressions, not 'injurious' in the eye of the law, written out for him at once, in order that he might with impunity relieve his mind; but if he had been incapable of speech, he might have saved himself six-and-eightpence, and mitigated nothing of his rancour for the fear of consequences. He might have run off on his fingers a score of the most powerful epithets, without 'uttering' any libel. No candidate, thus blessed, could have 'passed his word' to vote at St Stephen's for what in his heart he disapproved of. Everybody would have been in the satisfactory position of 'not having said a single syllable of which he repented;' and nobody need have left out his *as*, who knew how to spell.

Altogether, the temporary irritation of being tongue-tied would perhaps have been advantageous, as, in the case of 'the roughs,' it would certainly have been a positive blessing. But what misdirected grimace and unintelligible gestures we should have all made; and at what a premium would the teachers of the deaf and dumb asylums for the nonce become! 'Give him a nut,' was the calm sarcasm lately passed by one of the Unrepresented upon a certain grinning candidate for his favour; but in the case we have supposed, the most eloquent orator in the British senate would find himself inferior to any Monkey in the attempt to make himself understood by his fellows. It is only the deaf-mute to whom pantomime comes as fluently as a mother-tongue. Many persons have a notion that gesture-language and the finger-alphabet are almost synonymous terms, but this is far from being the case; the latter is an art learned from a teacher; the former is an independent process originating in the mind of the deaf-mute, and developing itself as his knowledge and power of reasoning expand under instruction. There is an admirable chapter upon this matter in Mr Tylor's *Researches into the Early History of*

Mankind, introduced therein in connection with the origin of language, but which has great interest in itself, independent of the larger subject. 'It is not enough to say,' writes he, 'that the two things [natural gesture-language and the finger-alphabet] are distinct; they have nothing whatever to do with one another, and have no more resemblance than a picture has to a written description of it.'* The mother-tongue of the deaf and dumb is the faculty of drawing in the air the shape of objects suggested to their mind, or of indicating its character, use, or origin by movements of the body. 'It is not I,' says the Abbé Sicard, one of the first who gave his attention to ameliorating the condition of the deaf and dumb, 'who am to invent these signs. I have only to set forth the theory of them under the dictation of their true inventors, those whose language consists of these signs.' And speaking of his deaf and dumb pupil, Massieu, he says: 'Thus, by a happy exchange, as I taught him the written signs of our language, Massieu taught me the mimic signs of his.'

Mr Tylor himself made a list of about five hundred of these natural signs current in the Berlin Deaf and Dumb Institution, taking them down from a teacher himself deaf and dumb. But no less than five thousand are said to be in use at that establishment. 'To express the pronouns "I, thou, he," I push my forefinger against the pit of my stomach for "I," push it towards the person addressed for "thou," and point with my thumb over my right shoulder for "he." Holding the right hand flat, with the palm down at the level of the waist, and raising it towards the level of the shoulder, signifies "great;" depressing it signifies "little." The sign "man" is indicated by the motion of taking off the hat; "woman," by laying the closed hand upon the heart; "child," by dandling the right elbow upon the left hand. The first two fingers held apart like the letter V, and darted from the eyes, signifies to "see." To touch the ear with the forefinger is to hear; the tongue, to taste. The outline of the shape of roof and walls done in the air with both hands is "house;" with a flat roof it is "room." To smell as at a flower, and then to make a horizontal circle before one, is "garden." To pull up a piece of flesh from the back of the hand is "meat;" and when steam is made curling up from it with the forefinger, it is "roast meat."

'None of my teachers here, who can speak,' said the director of the Berlin Institution, 'are very strong in the gesture-language. It is difficult for an educated speaking man to get the proficiency in it which a deaf and dumb child attains to almost without effort. It is true that I can use it perfectly, but I have been here forty years. . . . To be able to speak, is an impediment. . . . The habit of thinking in words, and translating those words into signs, is most difficult to shake off; but until this is done, it is almost impossible to place the signs in the logical sequence in which they arrange themselves in the mind of the deaf-mute.'

* Mr Tylor allows, of course, to the finger-alphabet great utility, while denying it scientific interest. The one-handed alphabet seems to have been invented in Spain about 1620; the two-handed or French alphabet (generally used in this country) is of later date.

† As new things come under the notice of these unfortunate, they at once invent some symbol by which to indicate them. Thus, the tips of the fingers of the half-closed hand coming towards one like rays of light, is 'photograph.'

That which the deaf and dumb considers most important in what he is about to state, is always placed first in his sentence; and that which seems to him superfluous, he leaves out. For instance, to say: 'My father gave me an apple,' he makes the sign for 'apple,' then that for 'father,' and that for 'I,' without adding that for 'gave.' Going upon one occasion into a deaf and dumb school, and setting a boy to write words upon the black-board, our author drew in the air the outline of a tent, and touched the inner part of his under-lip to indicate red, and the boy wrote accordingly 'red tent;' whereupon the teacher justly remarked, that Mr Tylor could not be a beginner in the gesture-language, or he would have translated his thought *verbatim*, and put the 'red' first. A pupil to whom Abbé Sicard one day put the question: 'Who made God?' replied: 'God made nothing;' and the abbé was left in no doubt as to this kind of inversion when he went on to ask: 'Who made the shoe?' and received for answer: 'The shoe made the shoemaker.'

A look of inquiry converts an assertion into a question, and fully serves to make the difference between 'The master is come' and 'Is the master come?' but it is difficult for a deaf-mute to render abstract remarks in symbol. Thus, such a common question as, 'What is the matter with you?' would be put: 'You crying? You been beaten?' He does not ask: 'What did you have for dinner?' but, 'Did you have soup? Did you have porridge?' It is only the certainty, says Professor Steinthal, 'which speech gives to a man's mind in holding fast ideas in all their relations, which brings him to the shorter course of expressing only the positive side of the idea, and dropping the negative.'

At all deaf and dumb institutions, there are a number of signs in use, which, although quite natural, would not be understood beyond the limits of the circle in which they are used. Thus at Berlin, the royal residence at Charlottenburg was named by taking up the left knee and nursing it, in allusion to the late king having been laid up with gout there. England and Englishmen were aptly alluded to by the action of rowing a boat; while the signs of chopping off a head and strangling were used to describe France and Russia, in allusion to the deaths of Louis XVI and the Emperor Paul. A great deal of the gesture-language, however, is universal, and common to all who have a difficulty in expressing themselves in words, whether they be mutes or savages, and it is this portion of the subject which is doubtless the most interesting. Thus, the Indians use the self-same sign for expressing 'to see' which is in vogue with the deaf and dumb at Berlin: thrusting the hand under the clothing of the left breast is 'to hide' or 'keep secret;' 'fear' is typified by putting the hands to the lower ribs, and shewing how the heart flutters; and 'book' by holding the palms together close to the face, and opening and reading. 'Fire,' too, is represented by North American savages exactly as by German mutes—namely, by imitating flames with the fingers; and 'rain' by bringing the tips of the fingers of the partly-closed hand downwards. The sign for 'a stag,' too, is common to both—the thumbs to the temples, and the fingers spread widely out—but to indicate 'the dog,' the Indians have a very remarkable symbol: they trail the two first fingers of the right hand as if they were poles dragged on the

ground; the reason being, that before they had horses, the dogs were trained to drag the lodge-poles on the march in that way; and even where this trailing is now done by horses, the old sign for 'the dog' is still retained.

The true meaning of the few gesture-signs which still remain in use among ourselves, is well worthy of examination. For example, 'the sign of snapping one's fingers,' says Mr Tylor, 'is not very intelligible, as we generally see it; but when we notice that the same sign made quite gently, as if rolling some tiny object away with the thumb-nail and forefinger, are usual and well-understood deaf-and-dumb gestures, denoting anything tiny, insignificant, and contemptible, it seems as though we had exaggerated and conventionalised a perfectly natural action so as to lose sight of its original meaning. There is a curious mention of this gesture by Strabo. At Anchiale, he writes, Aristobulus says there is a monument to Sardanapalus, and a stone statue of him as if snapping his fingers, and this inscription, in Assyrian letters: "Sardanapalus, the son of Anacyndaraxes, built in one day Anchiale and Tarsus. Eat, drink, play: the rest is not worth that!"' Shaking hands is not a universal sign of good-will. The Fijians, for example, smell and sniff at one another by way of salutation. The North American Indians rub each other's arms and breasts, as well as their own. In Polynesia, one strokes his face with the other's hand or foot. In New Zealand and Lapland, they press noses—which perhaps in some measure accounts for those organs being so flat. The Andaman Islanders salute by blowing into one another's hands; Charlevoix speaks of an Indian tribe on the Gulf of Mexico who blew into one another's ears; and M. Du Chaillu was 'blown upon'—literally, and without any allusion to what his enemies here tried to do to him—by his friends in Africa. In East Africa, some tribes shake hands, but, Moslem-fashion, pressing the thumbs against one another as well. With regard to the position of our hands in prayer, Mr Tylor remarks that there is in it a confusion of two gestures, quite distinct in their origin. The upturned hands seem to expect some desired object to be thrown down, while, when clasped, they seem to ward off an impending blow; but the conventionalising process is carried to extremity when the hands clasped, or with the finger-tips set together, can be used not only to avert an injury—as seems their natural office—but also to ask for a benefit, which they cannot even catch hold of when it comes. There are a number of well-known gestures difficult to explain, such as jolling out the tongue for contempt; and the sign known as 'taking a sight,' which was as common in the days of Rabelais as now. These are intelligible enough to all, although we know not why. Not the best evidence of the unity of the gesture-language is the ease and certainty with which any savage from any country can understand and make himself understood in a deaf and dumb school. 'A native of Hawaii is taken to an American institution, and begins at once to talk in signs with the children, and to tell about his voyage and the country he came from. A Chinese, who had fallen into a state of melancholy from long want of society is quite revived by being taken to the same place, where he can talk in gestures to his heart's content.' A deaf and dumb lad, named Collins, is taken to see some Laplanders, who were carried about to be exhibited, and though

frowning and undemonstrative to others, they immediately begin to speak 'about reindeers and elks, and smile on him very much.' A curious instance of the direct advantage of deaf and dumb establishments, is narrated by Kruse (himself a deaf-mute), as having occurred in the beginning of this century. An *untaught* deaf and dumb boy was found by the police wandering about Prague; they could make nothing of him, and so sent him to the Institution devoted to persons suffering under his misfortune, to be taught to tell his story. After a little education there, he managed to make it understood that his father had a mill; and of this mill, the furniture of the house, and the country round it, he gave a precise description. He gave a circumstantial account of his life there; how his mother and sister died, his father married again, his step-mother ill-treated him, and he ran away. He did not know his own name, nor what the mill was called, but he knew it lay away from Prague towards the morning. On inquiry being made, the boy's statement was confirmed. The police found his home, gave him his name, and secured his inheritance for him. Everybody who reads novels is acquainted with that wonderful scene in *Monte Christo* where the paralytic makes his will, without having the power of speech, or even of motion, with the exception of being able to wink his eyes. So late as 1864, it seems, a still more strange proceeding might have been witnessed in this country at Yateley, in the case of John Geale, yeoman, deaf, dumb, and unable to read or write. This man executed a will by putting his mark to it; but probate was at first refused by Sir J. P. Wilde, on the ground that there was no evidence of the testator's understanding and assenting to its provisions. At a later date, however, the motion was renewed, upon the following joint-affidavit of the widow and the attesting witnesses:

'The signs by which the deceased informed us that the will was the instrument which was to deal with his property upon his death, and that his wife was to have all his property after his death, in case she survived him, were in substance, so far as we are able to describe the same in writing, as follow: The said John Geale first pointed to the will itself, then he pointed to himself, and then he laid the side of his head upon the palm of his right hand with his eyes closed, and then lowered his right hand towards the ground, the palm of the same hand being upwards. These latter signs were the usual signs by which he referred to his own death or the decease of some one else. He then touched his trousers-pocket (which was the usual sign by which he referred to his money), then he looked all round, and simultaneously raised his arms with a sweeping motion all round (which were the usual signs by which he referred to all his property or all things). He then pointed to his wife, and afterwards touched the ring-finger of his left hand, and then placed his right arm across his left at the elbow; which latter signs were the usual signs by which he referred to his wife.

'The signs by which the said testator informed us that his property was to go to his wife's daughter, in case his wife died in his lifetime, were as follow: He first referred to his property as before; then touched himself, and pointed to the ring-finger of his left hand, and crossed his arm as before (which indicated his wife); he then laid the side of his head on the palm of his right hand (with his eyes closed), which indicated her death; he then again,

after pointing to his wife's daughter, who was present when the said will was executed, pointed to the ring-finger of his left hand, and then placed his right hand across his left arm at the elbow, as before. He then put his forefinger to his mouth, and immediately touched his breast, and moved his arms in such a manner as to indicate a child, which were his usual signs for indicating his wife's daughter, &c. Eventually, he made it appear that if his wife's daughter's husband survived her, the property was to revert to him. The contents of the will were then explained by motions and signs understood by all present, to the testator, and the said John Geale expressed his satisfaction. Upon this representation, Sir J. P. Wilde granted probate. Upon the whole, this will-making was certainly a more extraordinary proceeding than that described by Dumas, inasmuch as, though not paralysed, the testator was deaf, and therefore the dumb-show had to be carried on on both sides. It is evident, however, that if John Geale had been educated at a deaf and dumb asylum, the matter would have been greatly simplified and shortened.

THE CLYFFARDS OF CLYFFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LOST SIR MASSINGBERD,' &c.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—BURIED IN THE CHALK.

WHEN Gideon Carr last looked down upon his victim from the Beacon Cliff, he saw him, as he thought, within a few seconds of death; and when, his attention being called elsewhere an instant, he no longer beheld him clinging to the bare white wall, he naturally imagined that he had fallen sheer upon the beach beneath. Such would have been the case with nineteen out of twenty men in a strait like that of Raymond Clyffard's; but years of voluntary hardship, such as sportsmen use, had made his sinews lithe and strong as steel; and running (where no horse could gallop) on the craggy fells in chase of the hill-fox, had made his limbs as supple as any bird-catcher's, who gains his bread at peril of his neck; and leaping from rock to rock, in many a foaming beck, to cheer his hounds upon the otter, had given him eye as true as his who, on the slender rope, appears to totter, only to deceive the gaping crowd below him. And though as brave as any who drew breath, Raymond abhorred to die, and longed to live; and even in that extremity, held on with his manly soul to Hope, as to the cliff with his strong fingers, and took his measures with cool brain upon the very brink of what seemed sure destruction.

I have said that on his right hand lay a sort of gutter, down which, indeed, most persons would have shot at once, but which to him, as he clung panting to the precipice, seemed to offer some salient points, some coignes of vantage, or, at all events, a preferable position to that which he at present occupied, exposed to any action of his mortal foe, a touch with whose walking-stick or finger-tip must needs have been his instant death-doom.

He was by no means so exhausted, or at least so near to utter collapse, as he seemed; and taking advantage of Gideon's momentary glance aside, he slid down along this almost perpendicular track as slowly as feet and hands could serve him to arrest the force of gravity. At last—that is, after such a second of time as might count against a year of ordinary life—he found that he had stopped himself. Above him hung

the frowning brow of the precipice, under which his sideways course had brought him, so that he was quite hidden from his enemy's sight. He had just possessed himself of that fact, when, from the depths below, came up the innumerable flocks of sea-fowl, as though to resent his intrusion into their almost aerial domains. The touch of a passing wing would have set him falling, like another Lucifer, through space: their hideous and unexpected din, which even alarmed his murderer, standing on the solid earth, shook his very soul within him, and closing his eyes, he waited for a moment, as though for the stroke of doom. Upon the sloping ledge on which he lay, never before had any creature bigger than a bird found foothold; a few more inches, and it terminated, as Raymond found out afterwards, without a rim, a crack, or nodosity—smooth, as though a carpenter's plane had levelled it. If he had known it then, even his iron nerves might have given way, or proved unequal to the task that lay before him. But when he dared to take his eyes from the slope to which he clung with foot and finger, he steadily turned them to the cliff alone, notwithstanding that there seemed some devil within him that prompted him to glance into the unfathomable gulf below, and so to perish. Then he perceived upon his right hand, and so close that he could touch it had he dared to move, a hollow in the chalk, large enough to contain his body, and which seemed to widen with its depth. To the *mens sana*, reasoning in its arm-chair, or indeed to any person who possessed the advantage of level ground, his getting into this hole would have seemed merely the exchange of a speedy death for one equally certain, although more lingering; but to him, stretched on that ledge of death, it appeared (so comparative is the estimate of what is good) a very haven of security—a consummation scarcely to be hoped for, so intense was his desire to attain it. Yes, that five-foot orifice in the otherwise unbroken wall of white seemed to him like the gate of heaven.

Slowly as a snail creeps, writhingly as a worm crawls, and trailing his whole body along the ground, like one in pain, Raymond dragged himself inch by inch into the hole. Then brain and muscle failed together, and he lay for a little like one dead—to all appearance as though he had fallen indeed through many a fathom of space upon that pebbly beach. When consciousness returned, he found himself in an excavation of considerable extent, the roof of which was sufficiently high to permit him to stand upright. From this dark recess the broad blue sky shewed brighter, and the sparkling sea seemed to smile more joyously than Raymond had ever seen them; the sea-birds' screams, which had not as yet by any means subsided, had now a note of gratulation for his ear; and thankfully his throbbing brow welcomed the clear breezes, the very softest of which had whispered to him but a few minutes back of Death. Then with the sense of present safety arose new fears, new needs. How was it possible that he should ever escape from such a prison? It was most unusual, he well knew, for vessels of any kind to venture close in-shore among the rocks and islets; and even if they did so, how was he to draw attention to himself in such a strange and unlooked-for place of durance?

Moreover, if even he should make people aware of his being in such a predicament, by what

means could he be extricated? Long before they could dig down to him through the solid rock, he would assuredly perish of hunger, unless the guillemots and gulls should bring him food, as the ravens nourished the prophet of old. As for any human creature coming by the way he came to his assistance, or as to himself attempting to escape by the same road, his brain reeled at the very thought of such a chance: he could see now the full extent of the peril to which he had been so lately exposed, and having seen it, his whole being revolted at the idea of tempting destruction a second time in the like manner. What he had heard of the wondrous agility of the bird-catchers in these parts did indeed cross his mind, but he well knew how the rock above him overhung his place of refuge, and felt, with a sinking of his noble heart, that even to those human spiders he was inaccessible.

What, however, most occupied Raymond's thoughts, and racked him with anxiety, was how to attract the attention of his fellow-creatures, not for his own sake, but that Mildred and her child might be warned in time of the murderous design of Gideon Carr. To foresee misfortune falling over our dearest ones, and to be powerless to avert it—there is no anguish bites like that! It is the very nightmare of reality—a curse that only falls, on most of us, thank Heaven, in dreams. How should he let her know her danger? Should he pencil it out a score of times upon the backs of certain letters that he happened to have with him, and trust them, like the Sibyl's leaves, to the winds, in hopes that one at least might flutter to the hand of a friend? Alas! the wind was blowing from off-shore, and forbade even that promiseless project. Or should he enclose a letter in the case of his hunting-watch, and drop it on the beach below, on the chance of its attracting the attention of some passer-by?—where neither pleasure nor business brought a human creature from one month's end to another! Sick at heart with the conviction of the futility of any such schemes, Raymond turned wearily away from the mocking sunshine, and sought the gloom of the interior of the cave.

As he did so, it struck him for the first time how strange it was that there were no sea-birds, nor any traces of them, in a place so much better adapted for their purposes than the precarious ledges all about him, which were swarming with eggs and callow young. What could have kept out such tenants from so convenient an abode? No animal inimical to their kind could harbour in such a position, while eyrie of hawk or kestrel it certainly was not. His third footstep struck against something soft, which he carried with some difficulty, though without resistance, to the light, when this riddle in natural history received its solution.

The reason why the guillemots avoided the cave was, because it was the occasional resort of Man, or, at all events, bore tokens of his presence. What Raymond had dragged forth was a large bundle, neatly packed in sailcloth, and containing a large quantity of foreign lace. Half-a-dozen similar packages were arranged in a semicircle, at the far end of the cavern, along with two or three bales of rich and handsome shawls. These costly articles were not very useful to Raymond in his present position, except that, collectively, they formed a by no means despicable bed. Their chief value to him lay in the fact, that they needs must have a mortal

owner, who had probably some mechanical means of communicating with his property. It would have been a speculation of considerable importance to Raymond had his own interests been alone at stake, as to when this communication took place, with respect to his bodily sustenance—for meat and drink are at least as much necessities of life as Brussels lace and French shawls—but his anxiety concerning his wife and child swallowed up all other cares. Again and again, as he grew accustomed to the semi-darkness of his retreat, he minutely examined the walls and roof in search of some means of egress, by which he could make his way to Pampas Cottage, first to protect his dear ones, and then to avenge them; but all was solid chalk. Remembering, too, how far beneath the surface the cave was situated, and, in particular, how liable to observation any opening needs must be, made at the very top of the Beacon Down, he became satisfied that nothing of the sort existed. Secrecy was evidently the main consideration with those who stored their goods in such a place as that in which Raymond now found himself; nor had he any doubt but that he was in a hiding-place of the Free traders, as they called themselves, persons in advance of their age, whom the less favoured part of the community stigmatised as smugglers. It was likely enough that some of his Sandby friends were part-owners of these very goods, which, indeed, were far too valuable to belong to any one individual. This, however (as it seemed to Raymond at the time) was a matter of very secondary consequence. Shawls and lace might belong to the breakers of the law or not; all that concerned him was, that those who claimed to be the owners might send to fetch them—although by what means he could not so much as guess—ere the dreadful morrow upon which hung the fate of Mildred and the child.

But the curtain of night descended slowly upon a sailless sea, and the hours of darkness wearily wore on without a sound, save the monotonous murmur of the wave, and the shrill scream of the herring-gull and the kittiwake.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE SAUCY SAIL.

With the first dawn of morning, Raymond swept the sea with a little spy-glass, which he had put into his pocket the previous day for the use of Mr Stevens: there was one stately vessel visible that had just started upon the broad highway of the Atlantic for the Western World; but the instrument which told him that much, by shewing him the streaming stars and stripes, could bring the ship no nearer, save to his vision! The wind had partially lulled which had hurried the clouds in flocks athwart the moon all night, and the huge three-master made but little way: it was agony to the captive to watch her lessening hull, her masts dwindling inch by inch to a mere stick of canvas, then sinking altogether out of sight; and yet he well knew that though he had caught sight of her from the first, she could not have come within distance, by a mile, for any signal of his to be discerned, far less attended to.

A few hours later, but still very early in the morning, the Preventive boat from Marmouth passed on its way to Lucky Bay; but it, too, gave the outlying rocks and reefs so wide a berth, that all his signs and cries were unavailing. He had made bold to strip one of the precious bales of its sailcloth covering, to flutter flag-wise at the mouth of the cave; but at the

distance which the cutter kept, it could have shewn no larger than an albatross's wing. Moreover, unlike one placed upon the Down, or even on the beach, he was in a position where no mortal would think of looking for a human creature, or of taking any sign as made by man. Foot by foot, the cutter slowly drew away, for the wind was not in her favour, and tacked and tacked, though never near the shore, till presently the headland cut her off. Neither food nor drink had Raymond taken for twelve hours, yet the fever of his blood ran high; and like a wild beast in his lair, he paced his narrow prison, feeling desire for nothing save to be free. The day drew on, and with it drew the fatal time when Gideon was to put his murderous design into execution. The tide was almost at its lowest, which was the only period at which the Mermaid Cavern could be reached, and which Raymond himself had bidden his wife remember, appointing as it were with his own breath the hour of her doom.

He was about to lose the beloved partner of his life, the wife of his youth, still beautiful as a bride, the mother of his innocent child—nay, and that helpless child herself as well—at the hands of one already a murderer in intent, and whom neither beauty nor helplessness would move a hair's-breadth from his cruel purpose. Thoughts like these would have been enough to drive some men mad in a like position, or to tempt them to end such mental agony by one leap forth into the viewless air; but not so Raymond. If he could not save, he might still live to be avenged. Sooner or later, surely he would escape from his living grave; then, wifeless, childless, he would track the wretch who had made him desolate—ay, though the pursuit should lead him half round the world; and then, face to face, the victim risen from the tomb to confront his murderer—then, for a few brief minutes, he would taste of that nearest approach to Joy which would then be left to him—Revenge! Foot to foot, hand to hand—and, better, without a weapon, for so the thing would last the longer—how he would woo that ruffian to the combat, and bear him backwards with tardy but relentless force, and squeeze the life out of his lying throat by slow degrees! He should come twice to life again, and die three times: once for himself, in payment for the time when Gideon mocked him in the very jaws of seeming death; and once—the husband's breath came quick and short the while he thought upon it—once for Mildred; and once again for the child; and then his dark soul should wing its way to hell. Raymond Clyffard's veins swelled into knots, and his fingers dug into the flesh of his clenched hands the while he thought upon his great revenge. He had never been so near the fate of his race before, as when he brooded over that grim picture; the curse of the Clyffards almost came upon him. But as though he had felt that it was nigh, and knew that if it fell he would be powerless for the work of retribution, he beat it back as it were by force, and compelled his mind into other channels. He made it count the puffs as they stood in single file upon the ledges beneath, and mark how often the green-eyed haggard cormorant dived within the hour, and how long remained before he emerged from under water with dragged wing.

Towards noon, something occurred, however, which of itself demanded his attention. The little revenue-cutter once more rounded the point

upon its return-voyage to Marmouth. He forgot at the moment the arrangement which had been made by Lieutenant Carey for the transportation of Stevens to Mermaid Bay, and it was with a great cry of fury that through his glass he discerned the form, although not the features of his enemy. The boat this time seemed coming in quite close to shore, so near that his signals could not fail to be observed, and Raymond's heart had begun to beat with hope as well as passion, when suddenly her course was turned to seaward, and she made for the outlying pillar of chalk which was called the Dutchman. This change of tack at first originated in a natural disinclination on the part of Gideon Carr to approach the scene of his yesterday's crime, where the tide might by chance have left some ghastly evidence of it, or even the white cliff presented some damning stain; but as he continued to scan the spot through the boatswain's glass, he caught sight of Raymond's signal, which for the moment struck icy terror to his soul, and produced the change which we have already described to have occurred in him; and finding the boatswain importunate for the possession of the glass, he purposely dropped it into the sea, although even through it, it is doubtful whether any other eye but his own could have perceived that which had so moved him. Nay, after a little thought, Gideon almost convinced himself that what he imagined he had beheld was merely the effect of morbid fancy; and as the cutter drew further and further from the land, so his wicked conscience grew less disturbed.

Then came the incident of Walter Dickson's craft being seen running close in-shore towards Sandby, and at once all his fears returned. If, by any miracle, Raymond Clyffard was really yet alive, and what he had seen had indeed been a signal of his supposed victim, intended as a demand for help, those on board the smuggling vessel could not fail presently to see it; hence Mr Stevens's passionate attempt to induce the crew of the revenue-cutter to arrest Dickson's course. We know that that appeal was futile, and how the cutter kept on her way, and carried Gideon Carr to his righteous doom in Mermaid Bay; but Raymond only knew that so far, at least, the murderer's plans had been successful, and that probably within that very hour both wife and child would perish through his cursed guile, choked by the pitiless tide. No mental torture could have been contrived by tyrant of old more poignant than that he was doomed to feel when he beheld in the far distance the cutter with its hateful burden at last standing in for the land. Scarcely, however, had he done so, when what should come swirling round the eastern promontory, through a passage, thought to be somewhat dangerous, between the mainland and a cluster of outlying fragments of it called 'the Stark,' but the lugger of Mr Walter Dickson, so close to the cliffs that one who stood upon the Beacon Down might have almost tossed a biscuit on to her slanting deck. On she came, noiseless and swift as a white phantom, steered by Mr Dickson himself, who, with half-shut eyes, lay dreamily in the stern-sheets, as though his slender craft were in no more danger than if she were coasting upon Ullswater.

'They're allus out upon some fool's errand or other,' observed young Richard Brock, who, with two others, made up the crew of the lugger, in continuation of some remarks called forth by their

meeting with the revenue-boat. 'If they had been off Mermaid Bay three nights ago, instead of now, they might ha' done a good stroke o' business.'

'They would not have got it cheap, whatever they got,' answered his father from the bow-thwarts, removing his pipe from his mouth in order to give due emphasis to an imprecation. 'Fifteen hundred pound-worth of shawls and laces— Where the devil are you steering us to, Walter? *Port*, man, *port*, or we shall be on *Gull's Castle*!' And, indeed, so near to the outlying chalk-rock of that name did the lugger pass, that as the old seaman gave his warning, he also kicked off his shoes in readiness for a swim.

'Look, mate, look!' cried Walter Dickson, scarcely conscious of the danger they had so narrowly escaped; 'there's somebody in *Martin's Nest*.'

The sensation which this exclamation produced upon the crew of the lugger was most extraordinary; they did not indeed start from their seats, as landsmen would have done, but each uttered a hasty ejaculation of wrath and wonder, as his looks followed the direction of the steersman's eyes to where Raymond could be plainly seen flustering his signal, and gesticulating with the utmost vehemence. He was calling to them, too, at the top of his voice, and adjuring them to return at once to Mermaid Bay, and save his wife and child; but the distance was too great and the wind too violent to suffer them to catch a word he said, although they guessed by his motions that he was endeavouring to make himself heard.

'Who is it?' cried old Will Brock savagely. 'What cursed fool can have risked going there in daylight, and without leave or licence, too, from those who have the best right to give it?'

'It ain't one of our folks at all,' answered his son shading his eyes with his hand, as he scanned the shining cliff; 'it's Mr Raymond Hepburn, of the Cottage.'

'The worse for him,' muttered the old man furiously. 'Is there not a gun in the boat? Pass it here, boy. I am going to shoot a razor-bill—that is all.'

'No, no; none of that,' interposed Dickson: 'we should only make bad worse by anything of that sort.'

'Fifteen hundred pound-worth of shawls and laces,' exclaimed the other with passion; 'the best run I ever made in my life; and all that you and I and the rest of us have in the world! Are you going to risk all that, Walter Dickson, for a friend of them blasted blue jackets? Give me the gun, I say.'

'No, Will; you shall not do murder—nor even attempt it, for that fowling-piece would not carry half the distance. 'Tis clear that this man has not been seen by anybody as yet, or he would not be playing such frantic tricks yonder, in order to let us know he was there. How he ever got into *Martin's Nest*, I know not; but he is evidently alone. We have only him to deal with in the matter, and if we can keep him quiet'—

'There is only one way that makes all safe,' interrupted the old man gloomily. 'Why, he will get half that 's there for merely saying it is there.'

'Nay, nay; Mr Hepburn is a gentleman, and his wife has been good to my old woman,' answered Dickson warmly; 'and you have been my mate, Will, for these thirty years, and one of whom I should be sorry to have to say: "That man was hanged for murder." I have as large a stake in

yonder goods as any man here, and should be equally loath to lose it; but there is blood enough on that Beacon Cliff already.'

'Only a coast-guard'sman,' muttered one of the crew who had not yet spoken.

'Very true, Elliot,' returned Dickson quietly; 'although, let me tell you, it does not become one of your stock to talk like that. In the heat of a fight, one may chance to get blood upon one's hands, and hardly know how it came there. But pushing folks over precipices—ay, you may frown and swear, too, for all I care—or shooting them in cold blood, while they're asking us for help, like this one—such things are not to my taste, nor do I believe that good can come of them.'

'Then what do you propose to do, Master Clear-conscience?' inquired Brock sullenly. 'Is Lieutenant Carey and his friend, this Mr Hepburn, to go shares together in our property?'

A hoarse murmur of rage and dissatisfaction came from the throats of the two sailors, who had themselves no little interest in the proceeds of the late 'run,' and whom this reference to the intimacy between the commander of the coast-guard and the present subject of conversation excited to fury.

'I will go bail that no one here suffers any loss,' replied Walter Dickson resolutely. 'The *Saucy Salt* is worth something, and I have a little money at bank, which, in case of the worst, shall be at your service. There—does that suit you, mates?'

All reluctantly allowed that under these circumstances, so far as they were concerned, they had certainly no further right to complain, but, at the same time, they avowed their disinclination to accept so generous an offer.

'No, no,' said Brock, with a gleam of kindly feeling in his hard gray eyes; 'we ain't a-going to cut our cable from you, old fellow. We're in a heavy sea; but if we pull together with a will, we may perhaps keep our shirt-collars dry yet.'

'That's well said, mate,' answered Dickson cheerily. 'Now, my plan is this—to get one of our people to visit the *Martin's Nest* this very night. If I was as lissom as I used to be'—

'I will go,' interrupted young Richard Brock sententially. 'There will be moon enough for that.'

'You're a good fellow,' replied Dickson, with much heartiness; 'and your father is proud of you, for all that he looks like a cormorant who has just dropped a fish. You shall visit the poor gentleman, my lad, and explain matters. It will be hard upon him as well upon us, we may be sure; but you must make him see the necessity of being a prisoner for some time to come at least, and more than that, of his remaining quiet, so that nobody but ourselves may know where he is. If the *Martin's Nest* was discovered, even without its golden eggs, it would be a heavy blow to the Good Cause.'

'Ay, that it would,' murmured the crew as with one voice, but no longer with peevish sullenness; for their confidence in Walter Dickson was great; and now that a little time had been allowed for reflection, even old Will Brock confessed to himself that his friend's counsel had been wiser than his own, as well as more humane.

Throughout the period of this conversation, the lugger had been making short tacks in front of the Beacon Cliff, since it would have been dangerous to bring her up in such an anchorage; as for landing, it was not to be thought of at that place; nor if it

could have been done, would it have availed for any intercourse between the crew and Raymond, so great was even yet the force of the wind and the distance between the beach and his place of captivity. He could indeed have communicated with them (through the medium, as already suggested, of something written and enclosed in the cover of his hunting-watch), but, of course, they had no cause to suspect the urgent necessity of the case, and were unwilling to risk the peril of a disembarkation, from which, as it seemed to them, no good could possibly come. In a few minutes more, the unhappy man, whose hopes for the rescue of his wife and child had been lately so flattered, had the misery to read their fate (as he had every reason to fear) in a few ill-spelled words, printed with chalk upon a board, and held over the side of the lugger:

Be Pashent: Help will come to nite. But ON YOUR LIFE do not show yourself again, or make any more signals.

Then, in spite of his reiterated attempts by voice and gesture to reverse this fatal sentence, the head of the *Saucy Sall* was turned towards Sandby; and in a few more minutes the sea was once more sailless, and Raymond watching the cruel foam come crawling in, and listening to the long-drawn hiss of the rising tide with a heart robbed of its last hope.

THREE CURIOUS FUNERALS.

WITHIN a few months, an imperial heir, a prince of the church, and an English duke have had their obsequies celebrated with all the pomp and circumstance the undertaking fraternity could devise. Such exhibitions are comparatively rare now a days, but a century ago they were things of commoner occurrence, and not by any means confined to defunct princes and dukes.

When Francis Tyssen, Esq., lord of Hackney manor, departed this life in 1717, his brother and executor was not ashamed to spend a couple of thousand pounds in carrying him to the family-vault. For two days the body lay in state in Goldsmiths' Hall. The coffin was placed under an alcove adorned with feathers and trophies; the Hall itself, and the adjacent apartments, were hung with black from ceiling to floor, and decorated with above three thousand escutcheons, the whole being lighted with wax-candles. The minister of Hackney parish and twenty other clergymen attended in full mourning; and the whole of the company drawn together in honour of the dead wore rings bearing death's-heads set in crystal. The lying in state over, the funeral cavalcade started at ten o'clock on a November night. The procession was headed by sixty tenants of the estate on horseback, all arrayed in long mourning-cloaks. Then came four of the king's trumpeters, attended by men carrying branch-lights, and followed by others bearing trophies of honour. A led-horse covered with velvet trappings, and attended by six pages, paced slowly in front of the hearse, which was one mass of escutcheon, streamers, and feathers. Next came an empty state-coach, followed by one-and-thirty mourning-coaches, each drawn by six horses. The streets through which the procession passed were so crowded with spectators, that it was one o'clock before Hackney Church was reached. Arrived at the end of their journey, the horsemen drew up in line on each side the road, and as each carriage set

down its freight of mourners, the trumpeters announced the event with a solemn blast. The space from the churchyard gate to the church doors was railed in and hung with black, and the ground over which the corpse had to be carried covered with cloth of the same hue. The interior of the church was hung with black cloth, relieved by buckram escutcheons, and the pulpit and desk were decked in similar style. The burial-service read, the body of the deceased lord of the manor was laid within the communion-rails, and the funeral trophies fastened to the wall against the grave.

These proceedings of the friends of the Hackney magnate seem to have raised the ire of no less an individual than the Deputy Earl Marshal, for that important official thought it necessary to publish the following advertisement in the *London Gazette*: 'The Postboy of the 14th instant giving an account that on Monday preceding, the corpse of Francis Tyssen, Esq., lay in state at Goldsmiths' Hall in so grand and complete a manner as had not been seen before; and that on the Monday following, lying in state all that day, was carried in great procession with four of the king's trumpets, &c., with a led-horse in a velvet caparison, and all the trophies proper to a gentleman on that occasion, to Hackney, where he was interred, to the entire satisfaction of all spectators. This is therefore to satisfy the public, that application having been made to His Majesty's servants, the officers of arms, to direct and marshal the said funeral, they were ready to consent thereto; but the manner in which the body was set forth, and also a led-horse, trumpets, guidons, and six pennons, with a coach of state, being insisted upon by some of the persons concerned in the said funeral to be used thereat (all of which far exceeded the quality of the deceased, he being only a private gentleman), the said officers refused to give their attendance at the said funeral, although of right they ought to have borne the trophies proper to the degree of the defunct; notwithstanding which, the same were carried by improper persons in so very irregular and unjustifiable a manner, that not one of the said trophies was carried in its right place. Which lictentious liberty, taken of late years by ignorant pretenders, to marshal and set forth the funerals of the nobility, gentry, and others (too often above their estate and quality), is not only an open violation of the services, established rules, and orders heretofore made for the interment of all degrees, but highly tends to the lessening of the rights and honour of the nobility and gentry in general; and more especially when the funerals of ignoble persons are set forth by them with such trophies of honour as belong only to the peers and gentry of this realm.'

Had he lived to witness the funeral of Justice Russell in 1784, the worthy Deputy Earl Marshal would have been still more scandalised by its violation of established rules. Richard Russell, Esq., of Bermondsey Street, Southwark, had notions of his own as to how the funeral of a rich man should be conducted. He enjoined his executors not to spend more than five hundred or less than two hundred pounds in conveying him to his last home, while he, with merchant-like preciseness, stated in his will what he expected to be done for the money. His body was to be placed in a plain oak coffin, 'like those usually made for Quakers, but with handles and an inscription;' while the outer coffin was to be of stone, and, for some mysterious reason, open at the top. Apparently to make

amends to the sex for having disparaged their charms while living, by obstinately remaining a bachelor, the testator directed his executors to persuade six spinsters of good character and reputation, and not above thirty years old, to act as pall-bearers; their condescension being rewarded at the rate of fifty pounds per spinster. Eighty pounds were to be divided between four other young ladies, who, appressed in white, were to strew flowers in the path of the coffin-bearers. The rectors of the parishes of Bermondsey and St John's were invited to attend the funeral; and in order that the law as well as the church should be represented, eight magistrates were to be procured to join the troop of mourners, and to each mourner the sum of five guineas was to be presented. A similar fee was to be paid to the organist of the church, on condition that he played the Dead March in *Saul* 'while the bearers are removing the body from the church to the vault, and continue the same until the burial-service begins, and after the burial-service is over, to immediately resume and continue the said March until the company who attend the funeral be in their coaches.' No coach, excepting that containing the four flower-girls, was to carry more than two passengers; a proper number of supernumeraries were to be engaged to carry lights and keep order and decorum; and a hundred pounds was to be spent in providing victuals for the poor parishioners on the day of the funeral. Not the least curious item in the eccentric wool-stapler's will is a bequest of one hundred pounds to 'Doctor Samuel Johnson, now or late of Bolt Court, Fleet Street,' conditionally that he wrote an epitaph for the testator's monument; but the great Samuel was not fated to touch the money, for a codicil revokes the bequest in his favour, and gives the like legacy to 'John Grose of Bethnal Green.'

On the day of the funeral, the mobocracy of Bermondsey turned out in great force to witness the novel exhibition provided gratuitously for their delectation. The wishes of the quondam justice had been observed as closely as circumstances would allow. His brothers of the bench certainly did not put in an appearance; but an extra clergyman had been pressed into service; the ladies were all there—the four maidens in white raiment carrying pretty baskets filled with flowers, and their more sombre-clad sisters trying to look mournful in black silk dresses, rich scarfs, and funeral favours. Staff-men and constables cleared the way for the hearse, properly clothed, and dressed with flags, velvets, feathers, and escutcheons, and followed by the eleven coaches and four freighted with the clergymen, flower-strewers, pall-bearers, and mourners. All went well, though slowly, till the churchyard was reached, and then a performance took place which was not in the programme. The crowd closed round the procession with unfriendly demonstrations; the flower-girls were obliged to be carried into the church by some of the attendant constables, while the ten corpse-bearers staggered after them with their heavier and more unpopular load. It was impossible to keep the pall upon the coffin, so the trembling pall-bearers were only so in name. Over a flowerless path the corpse was at length borne to the middle aisle of the church, while the strains of the glorious Dead March struggled vainly with the roar of the excited people. The church was crowded to excess, even the pulpit being filled with ladies who had fled there for safety. Both service and sermon

were huddled over in haste, and then the mob dispersed, doubtlessly much edified by the ceremonies in which they had taken part; such of them as had anything to lose, going home, thanks to the activity of the pickpockets, poorer if not wiser than they came.

Mr John Underwood of Whittlesea, Cambridge-shire, displayed quite as much eccentricity as the Bermondsey woolstapler, if he was not equally open to the charge of ostentation. This gentleman left some six thousand pounds to his sister upon condition of her carrying out his wishes respecting his funeral, and the lady wisely sacrificed her feelings rather than her fortune, and fulfilled his last injunctions to the letter. The dead man was placed in a green coffin, clad in his usual everyday dress, his head resting on a copy of Saradon's *Horace*, Bentley's edition being placed under him, and the same editor's *Milton* lying at his feet. The right hand of the corpse clasped a small Greek Testament, while the left grasped a miniature edition of *Horace*. No bell was tolled; but after the burial-service had been read over the dead, an arch was turned over the coffin, and a piece of marble placed in the centre, inscribed *Non omnis moriar* 1733. The six mourners, or the gentlemen who did duty as such, then sang the last stanza of the ode in which *Horace* deprecates any display of grief for the dead. Adjourning to their dead friend's house, the six sat down to an excellent supper. As soon as the cloth was removed, they performed a requiem in the shape of another Horatian ode; and after making themselves merry with a cheerful glass, departed to their several homes, and we suppose fulfilled the testator's final injunction to 'think no more of John Underwood.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

NUMEROUS subjects have relieved the proverbial dulness of the long vacation with more than enough of science, learning, and various arts to occupy the attention of any one who found it possible to work or study in the oppressive heat that prevailed through the last weeks of the recess. Happy were they who could betake themselves to breezy hills or briny shores! The high temperature formed of itself an important topic. Eighty-five degrees of Fahrenheit in September was a phenomenon to wonder at, and to set meteorologists searching for precedents; and no one was surprised that in looking back fifty years they could not discover a September to match. Apart from the heat, too, what became of the gales, squalls, and downpour of rain that should occur at the equinox? What does it mean? is a question to which the meteorologists have not yet found a satisfactory answer. It is worthy of remark that similar weather prevailed over great part of Europe and in the United States.

The cattle disease, or kine-pest, as it might more conveniently be called, has given rise to a vast amount of talk and newspaper discussion, but without settling the question. Opinions are still divided as to the origin of the pest, and the best mode of treatment. Some regard it as having some relation to cholera, and others as a consequence of the hasty artificial mode of rearing cattle which has so much prevailed of late. Fresh air and sunshine are doubtless as essential to the health of cattle as to that of human beings; and there is

reason to fear that in the new theories of fattening the effect of mere light in promoting the consolidation of flesh has been entirely disregarded.

Other topics are—the proposed railway bridge, which is to be a mile and a half in length, and cross the Humber a few miles above Hull: the taking possession of the Thames Tunnel by a railway company, who are going to run trains through it in connection with the metropolitan lines: and the narrow London streets, which, constantly choked by the ever-increasing traffic that pours into them, are dangerous to life and limb. 'Killed in the streets,' is now a standing item in the Registrar-general's weekly Report, and surely that is a sufficient demonstration that remedial measures should forthwith be taken in hand. Is Temple Bar always to block the way?—Is the north end of Chancery Lane never to have room for more than one vehicle at a time?—Is Middle Row, Holborn, never to be pulled down?—Is the Poultry to remain for ever unwidened, and the score of narrow but busy streets which open into Cheapside—no wider now than they were in the days of Queen Elizabeth—to be a perpetual obstruction?—Lastly, is the Metropolitan Board of Works, with Sir John Thwaites at its head, never to be enterprising enough to open a thoroughfare from Oxford Street to Piccadilly, somewhere between Park Lane and Berkeley Square? It would be refreshing to see a few competent ædiles at work.

The Thames embankment on the south side, from Westminster Bridge to Vauxhall Bridge, is in the preliminary stage of beginning; materials and machinery for the purpose are being landed on the river-bank. On the north side, the embankment, extending from Westminster Bridge to Temple Gardens, is making good progress. The extent of land reclaimed from the river may be judged of by the fact, that about 260,000 cubic yards of earth have already been deposited for filling up to the proper level. Many thousands more will have to be thrown in ere the works be finished. More than 20,000,000 bricks and 30,000 feet of granite have been laid, and 2000 bushels of cement are used every week. Eight hundred men are employed, besides 200 quarrymen, who 'get' the granite in Scotland and the Channel Islands. A considerable portion of the low-level sewer is completed, and the floor of the subway which is to be built over it. Old York Gate, which now stands at the bottom of Buckingham Street, is to be removed to Whitehall Gardens, where there will be a landing-place for small boats. The most prominent objects along the outer line of the embankment will be the steam-boat piers, which, while being ornamental, will afford the greatest convenience for passengers landing and embarking, and in this respect will be far superior to the awkward makeshift landing-places that Londoners have so long put up with.

It sounds like a joke to hear that a water company are actually going to cut up the new street in Southwark to lay down their pipes, although the Board of Works constructed a subway along that street for the very purpose of preventing disturbance of the surface. The subway is large enough to contain all the gas and water pipes that may be needful, and with room for the workmen to fix them; and yet there is no power to compel the water company to use it, and give up their selfish project of tearing up the well-paved

surface, and impeding the traffic. In Paris, the water-pipes are laid within the sewers. Truly, Londoners patiently suffer inconveniences which would not be endured in the provinces, and the consequence is seen in the better style of shop, warehouse, and market that prevails in many of our northern towns.—In what other place except London would that distressingly ugly and inconvenient structure, Covent Garden Market, have been suffered to stand so long unaltered? While in the matter of cabs and omnibuses, surely London might take a lesson from Edinburgh and other places, where those vehicles are neither shabby nor inconvenient.

Decimal weights and measures have been discussed at a meeting of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers in a way which will hardly fail to commend itself to all who take any practical interest in the question. Mr Fernie, in an able paper, shewed that the English inch is far preferable as a standard to the French mètre, and has special claims to consideration, inasmuch as the inch is used by 279,000,000 of people, while the number of those who use the mètre is but 148,000,000. It seems reasonable, therefore, that if a change is to be made, it should be made by the smaller, not the larger number. A good deal has been said and written about the superior accuracy of the mètre, but it has long been known that as a measure the mètre is inaccurate, and that the attempt to identify its length with that of a definite part of the earth's surface must necessarily fail. The advantage, therefore, rests with the inch; for minute subdivisions, it is already a standard, and, as Mr Fernie shews, it may be decimalised, if required, as follows: milli-inch, centi-inch, deci-inch, deca-inch, and so on, up to myria-inch, or 10,000 inches. From this, it will be seen that by taking the inch as the standard, dimensions of any extent may be expressed without any overplus of fractional quantities, and in a decimal form. For when once the dimension, whether small or great, is brought into inches, it is easy to find the decimal amount. But, as Mr Fernie observes, 'if any other of the present measures, such as the foot or the yard, were taken as the unit, a troublesome calculation would be required for this purpose, just as in the case of adopting the mètre for the unit; and the result would be an inconvenient fractional quantity, with its accuracy depending in many cases on the length to which the decimal was carried.'

The Royal Agricultural Society have published their list of prize subjects for 1866, from which we select one or two that appear to be of general interest. Twenty-five pounds are offered for the best essay on Town Dairies, shewing the comparative advantages and drawbacks of a dairy in a town rather than at the distance of a few miles; the influence of crowded buildings on the health of the cows, or on the milk they produce, with suggestions for feeding and general management, and the sale of milk. Another, a £20 prize, is offered for the best essay on the leaves of plants, with reference to their power of resisting drought. This subject will commend itself to some of our colonies where dry weather predominates. And £15 each are offered for essays, first, on the improvement of waste lands in the neighbourhood of mines, in which is to be shewn a way of making the land produce food sufficient for the miners; secondly, on the use to a farmer of a magnifying-glass or

simple microscope. In this latter subject, it should be easy to shew that a farmer may make very beneficial use of a microscope in the examination of seeds, feeding-stuffs, and manures, and the detection of falsifications or impurities therein, and in examining the roots and leaves of diseased plants. In fact, there are many persons besides farmers who might use a microscope in their business with great advantage.

In the last number of the Society's *Journal*, Mr W. H. Heywood discusses in a prize essay the comparative profit from making cheese or butter, selling milk, or grazing, and gives examples of each particular. He states the profit on each of three farms, and shews the greatest amount on the farm from which all the milk is sold. But for various reasons clearly stated, this amount is not likely to be permanent, and the grazing farm will pay best in the long-run. 'Holding these views,' writes Mr Heywood in conclusion, 'and considering the present scarcity and consequent high price of beef and mutton, I cannot commend too strongly a system so conducive to the mutual advantage of both tenant and landlord as that of grazing.'

During the past six months, live-stock from home and abroad has been brought to the London markets in the following numbers: Oxen, 130,977; cows, 3086; sheep and lambs, 614,766; calves, 12,189; pigs, 16,028. In the first five months of the year, 61,676,417 lbs. of wool were imported, being ten million more than in the corresponding period of 1864.

Industrial exhibitions have multiplied beyond expectation, and occasioned a certain amount of excitement and talk. This is emphatically the age of exhibitions; but whether they produce all the good commonly ascribed to them, may be questioned. The 'industrial' part of some that we have seen is but a very small part of the whole, and includes endeavours in art and mechanics so very lame and imperfect, that a really judicious adviser would have recommended their being kept at home. The main part of the exhibition consists of curiosities and works of art lent by the gentry of the neighbourhood, and these can hardly be classed as 'industrial' products. The whole thing looks like an attempt to obtain by forcing a result which ought to be achieved without artificial stimulus. But we shall probably have an era of such doings, for the grand periodical displays supply the incentive. Already notice has been given of the great Exhibition to be held at Paris in 1867, with publication of a long series of 'regulations' intended chiefly for British exhibitors.

The talk concerning the meeting of the British Association at Birmingham is, that the best feature of it was the President's address. That, as might have been expected, was admirable. In other respects, the meeting passed off heavily; there was no 'lion' present, and no lively subject for discussion; the people of Birmingham took but little interest therein, and the number of members was not so large as that last year at Bath. It is perhaps well for an association as for an individual to be deprived at times of extraneous aids, and to trust to their own intrinsic resources. They thus find out whether they are making real progress or not. The meeting next year is to be held at Nottingham; and as it will be their first visit, the town will doubtless do its very best to entertain them. In one particular—that of spacious halls for the gatherings, whether scientific or social—it is well

provided. Mr W. R. Grove, F.R.S., is to be the President, a choice which all must approve who can appreciate high scientific attainments and important practical researches. As author of *The Correlation of Physical Forces*, he takes rank, and deservedly, among the foremost of scientific philosophers.

POOR AND RICH.

In a shattered old garret scarce roofed from the sky,
Near a window that shakes as the wind hurries by,
Without curtain to hinder the golden sun's shine,
Which reminds me of riches that never were mine—
I recline on a chair that is broken and old,
And enwrap my chilled limbs—now so aged and cold—
'Neath a shabby old coat, with the buttons all torn,
While I think of my youth that Time's footprints have worn,
And remember the comrades who've one and all fled,
And the dreams and the hopes that are dead with the dead.

But the cracked plastered walls are emblazoned and bright
With the dear blessed beams of the day's welcome light.
My old coat 's a king's robe, my old chair is a throne,
And my thoughts are my courtiers that no king could own;
For the truths that they tell, as they whisper to me,
Are the echoes of pleasures that once used to be,
The glad throbbings of hearts that have now ceased to feel,
And the treasures of passions which Time cannot steal;
So, although I know well that my life is near spent,
Though I'll die without sorrow, I live with content.

Though my children's soft voices no music now lend;
Without wife's sweet embraces, or glance of a friend;
Yet my soul sees them still, as it peoples the air
With the spirits who crowd round my broken old chair.
If no wealth I have hoarded to trouble mine ease,
I admit that I doted on gems rich as these;
And when death snatched the casket that held each fair prize,
It flew to my heart where it happily lies;
So, 'tis there that the uttrings of love now are said
By those dear ones, whom all but myself fancy dead.

So, though fetid the air of my poor room may be,
It still has all the odours of Eden for me,
For my Eve wanders here, and my cherubs here sing,
As though tempting my spirit like theirs to take wing.
Though my pillow be hard, where so well could I rest
As on that on which Amy's fair head has been pressed!
So let riches and honours feed Mammon's vain heart,
From my shattered old lodging I'll not wish to part;
And no coat shall I need save the one I've long worn,
Till the last thread be snapped, and the last rent be torn.

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